And I make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feele warres blow, who feares not innocence:
Which loue to all, of which thy selfe art one,
Who now reproued't me for it.

Hell. Alasse sir.

Per. Drew sleepe out of mine eyes, bloud from my cheekes,
Musing in my minde, with thousand doubts
How I might stope there tempest ere it came,
And finding little comfort to relieue them,
I thought it princely charity to grieue them.

Hell. Well my Lord, since yon haue giuen me leaue to speake
Freely will I speake, *Antiochus* you feare,
And iustly too I thinke you feare the tyrant,
Who eyther by publike warre, or priuate treason,
Will take away your life: therefore my Lord, goe trauell for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Destinies do cut his thred of life: your Rule direct to any, if vnto me, day serue not light more faithfull then Ile be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith,
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hell. Wee'l mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence wee had our being, and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharsus*
Intend my trauaile, where Ile heare from thee;
And by whose Letters Ile dispose my selfe,
The care I had and haue of Subiects good,
On thee I lay, whose wiselomes strength can beare it,
Ile take thy word for faith not aske thine oath,
who shuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbes we liue so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall neere conuince,
Thou shewest a subiects shine, I a true prince. *Exit.*

Enter Thaliard solus.

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, heere must I kill
King *Pericles*, and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home:
it

it is dangerous.

Well, I perceiue he was a
on, that being bid to aske
hee might know none of his
reason for it: for if a King b
by the indenture of his oath
Hush heere comes the Lo

Enter Helle
L

Hell You shall not need
to question me of your Kin
lest in trust with me, doth
uell.

Thal. How? the King g

Hell. If further yet you
licenc'd of your loues) he w
to you: Being at *Antioch.*

Thal. What from *Anti*

Hell. Royall *Antioch* (o
displeasure at him, at least
had erred or sinned, to shew
selfe; so putts himselfe vnt
each minute threatens life

Thal. Well I perceiue I
I would, but since hee's g
scapte the Land, to perish
to the Lords of *Tyre.*

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* fro

Thal. From him I come
but since my landing I hau
tooke himselfe to vnknow
from whence it came.

Hell. We haue no reason
sier, not to vs; yet ere you
to *Antioch*, we may rest in

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22338) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH